LESSONS FROM ENGLAND.

Secretary Whitney Avoiding the Blunders of Great Britain and His Republican Predecessors in Administering His Department Affairs.

The Roach, Robeson and Chandler system, which succeeded so admirably in making our navy the scoff of the world and in squandering millions of the people's money, without giving any equivalent, seems to have been adopted in England. A storm is brewing over the heads of the admiralty on account of recent disclosures that the boasted British navy is not all it is represented to be and has an undue proportion of leaking ships and bursting guns. Some of the fast cruisers, says the *Saturday Review*, have proved to be craft which will go very fast over the measured mile and then, when they have been kept at work for a voyage or two, become strained, lose their shape, more or less, and become proverbially leaky and certainly comparatively slow. Perhaps such vessels must needs have some weakness which renders them little fit for prolonged hard work. The description seems to fit the Dolphin, or some of the other notorious craft turned out under the auspices of Mr. Whitney's predecessors. The present hard working, painstaking and conscientious head of the Navy Department is sparing no pains to rehabilitate the navy and is making the best use of the means placed at his disposal.

It will be well to profit by the disclosures which are being made in reference to the British navy, the leaky Calypso, the bursting gun on the Collingwood and the serious defects of the Phæton. Those vessels were of the most improved and modern types, and the guns were pronounced by the Ordnance Department the best of their class. A searching inquiry is called for, and it is feared that the "invincible" British navy will be found to be in the same unprepared state as was the French army at the outbreak of the war of 1870. It is decidedly scientific work to make a vessel which will be both swift and strong, or a gun which will fire a very heavy shot by a very powerful charge of powder without bursting. Mr. Whitney is determined to secure those necessary elements in the building up of the navy. He is hampered by the cumbersome system which governs the department, and needs a thorough reorganization. It should be the first step taken by Congress to bring around the reconstruction of the navy. The department can take advantage of the experience of England in avoiding the blunders which have wrought such mischief in her navy and robbed some of her most vaunted ships of their prestige. The Secretary of the Navy has made the initiatory move to adopt a scheme which has proved of inestimable value to the British admiralty, to have a list and description of merchant steamers prepared for the department, to be regarded as available in case of emergency, to serve as auxilliary cruisers or transports. It is a plan that is in operation with the great Powers of Europe, and must work to advantage in case of war. If Congress will only do its duty toward the Navy Department, there will be no delay in repairing the blunders and rascalities of former years.—*Albany Argus.*

THE PLOT EXPOSED.

A Republican Scheme to Injure His Department Thwarted by Postmaster-General Vilas.

The conspiracy in the railway postal service, which has just been exposed and punished, was about what might have been expected. For a quarter of a century it was taught, and by many people believed in this country, that only one party had the requisite intelligence to administer the Government and fill the offices. Propositions to take by the heels some of the men who had held place for a generation and throw them out have been looked upon as verging on treason, and it is not surprising, all things considered, that among the office-holding class an impudent contempt of authority should have manifested itself. More especially was this to be expected when, a new party coming into power, it proceeded to return good for evil by continuing the great majority of the subordinate office-holders in their places. Had it turned them out by the hundred and thousand, as probably some of them should have been turned out, such of them as were left would have been more interested in attending to the public business in such a way as to meet approval than they would have been in any scheme to embarrass their superiors.

Since the inauguration of Mr. Cleveland there have been frequent rumors of insubordination on the part of the railway mail clerks. At one time they have been threatening to strike in a body, and at another they have been "organizing" to resist any changes which the Postmaster-General, in his discretion, might make. These conspiracies recently culminated in a well-defined movement in the West to bring about a complete paralysis of the postal service at any moment when the "union," taking exception to orders from the Government, should proclaim a strike. In this performance the railway clerks manifested that spirit of political intolerance which under Republican rule made the civil-service of the country a great party machine and denied to one-half of the people representation therein, as completely as if they had been aliens.—*Chicago Herald.*

Sample Republican Reform.

The record of General Black and that of his predecessor in the Pension Office are matters of comparison and contrast, on which no judicious Republican organ will needlessly concentrate public attention. General Black went into office as head of the Pension Bureau March 17, 1885. His record as a Union soldier is too well-known to need rehearsal here. His appointment was everywhere recognized as one eminently fit to be made. Entering upon his duties, what was the state of affairs which he found as to the officeholders under him? The office had been in Republican hands for twenty years. For more than half that time the Republican party had been pledged publicly in all its conventions, State and national, to the great principal of "divorcing patronage from politics."

On the 11th of March, 1885, the day General Black went into office, there were 148 special examiners in the Pension Department, and not one of the entire twelve dozen and four was a Democrat. There were 229 clerks detailed to assist in special examination work and of the entire nineteen dozen and one there were just 2 (two) Democrats. Adding all the other employes of the Pension Office to those and the total number of persons borne upon its salary-roll was 1,665. And out of that there were just seventeen Democrats. Seventeen in nearly 1,700! That is just one per cent. And this was the genuine Civil-Service reform which as administered by General Dudley, was sanctioned by every Republican Administration.—*Boston Globe.*

PRESIDENTIAL VETOES.

The Foolish, Careless and Injurious Legislation Which the Sturdy Chief Executive Is Stopping Before It Eats Into the U. S. Treasury.

The President has sent another batch of vetoes to the Senate. One of them stopped a bill which was almost a grotesque illustration of the carelessness with which Congress passes these measures. It directed the name of a soldier's widow to be placed on the pension roll, subject to the pension laws. It turns out now that her name is on the pension roll under the law already, and has been there since February of this year, her pension dating from November of last year; so that the bill seems to have been drafted and passed in sheer ignorance of the facts of the widow's case. To send up such a bill for the President's signature is, of course, to say the least, disrespectful.

Another of these bills puts on the pension roll the widow of a Commodore in the navy who died of heart-disease ten years after the war, and her application had already been rejected by the Pension Bureau because of her failure to show that the disease of which her husband died had any connection with the war. Another gives a soldier already in receipt of a pension, $9,000 of back pension, for a period of fifteen years, during which he had made no claim on account of incapacity on account of disease, and removes the limit of time fixed by the law of 1879, or in other words repeals it for the benefit of this one man. Another gives a widow a pension on account of the death of her husband from inflammation of the stomach ten years after the war, and disregards the fact that her application is pending before the bureau. Another provides for the erection of United States buildings at a cost of $100,000, at Sioux City, Ia., not because the business of the Government at that point calls for them, but because the population is growing rapidly, and there is already a considerable number of other buildings in the town. Another orders a "substantial and commodious public building, with fire-proof vaults," at a cost of $100,000, with an open space around it to protect it from adjacent fires, which is to provide accommodation for the post-office, and internal revenue office and pension office, at Zanesville, O., though the only Federal office in the place is the post-office.

What gives these bills importance is not so much the amount of money they vote away, as the careless, reckless spirit in which they are concocted and passed. On this point the President, in vetoing one of them, observes very forcibly:

"In speaking of the promiscuous and ill-advised grants of pensions which have lately been presented to me for approval, I have spoken of their 'apparent Congressional sanction' in recognition of the fact that a large proportion of these bills have never been submitted to a majority of either branch of Congress, but are the results of nominal sessions held for the express purpose of their consideration and attended by a small minority of the members of the respective houses of the legislative branch of Government.

"Thus, in considering these bills, I have not felt that I was aided by the deliberate judgment of the Congress; and when I have deemed it my duty to disapprove many of the bills presented, I have hardly regarded my action as a dissent from the conclusions of the people's representatives."

In other words, a large body of men, who are paid high salaries for attending to the public business at Washington, but who have not during the past session furnished the country with a single piece of useful legislation, or one instructive debate, allow schemers of all sorts to get their formal sanction for appropriations of the public money without their knowing it. The most charitable conclusion one can reach about these bills is that a considerable proportion of the members of both houses are too idle and lazy to watch the business which passes through their hands uhder their own rules of procedure.

This, considered as a state of mind, is bad enough; but there is another aspect of the case, equally serious, which the President also touches on when he says in vetoing the widow De Kraft's pension bill:

"Every relaxation of principle in the granting of pensions invites applications without merit and encourages those who for gain urge honest men to become dishonest. This is the demoralizing lesson taught the people, that as against the public treasury the most questionable expedients are allowable."

That is to say, not one such pension can be granted without diffusing through a considerable portion of the community the feeling that there is plenty of money in the treasury for almost any purpose, and that almost any mode of getting it out is allowable. What Congressmen think so lightly of, their constituents do not long continue to regard as very serious, and from getting money to which you have no claim, out of the treasury, under the forms of law, to downright fraud on the treasury is a very short step. In fact, the poison of corruption lurks in the whole business, and President Cleveland has done the country no greater service than reprobating it in hard words.—*N. Y. Post.*

——The Committee on Privileges and Elections in the United States Senate have passed upon the effort of the Republican ringsters of Ohio to besmirch the fair fame of Henry B. Payne, a member of that body. There were upon that committee five Republicans and four Democrats. Upon both sides they were the men of highest repute in their respective parties, the cream of the cream, as to ability, personal integrity, party standing and life-long experience in public service. Of these nine men, such as are above described, seven declared upon their solemn oaths that the charges against Senator Payne were unworthy of consideration.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

——The announcement that the Committee on Commerce of the Republican Senate is making large additions to the River and Harbor bill passed by the Democratic House, and that it is likely to call for two or three millions more when the upper branch gets through with it, is an unfortunate response to the Republican platforms recently adopted in Maine and Vermont condemning the Democrats for their extravagant appropriations.—*N. Y. Post.*

——The task of defeating the ingenuity of pension wolves is doubtless an onerous one, but the President is coming out of it with a reputation for quiet humor that, when yoked to strong common sense and honesty of purpose, is thoroughly appreciated by the American people.—*Chicago News.*

MARSHAL BAZAINE.

The Exiled French Commander Talks About the Surrender of Metz.

An interesting conversation with Marshal Bazaine, at present living in exile at Madrid, is published by a morning paper. Despite the volumes that have been written on the subject, the conversation is calculated to throw some additional light on the dramatic events of 1870. The Marshal is now seventy-five years old, bloated, white-bearded and decrepid; and, according to his interlocutor, he bears his dishonor and his exile with the utmost resignation, not to say indifference. He began the conversation by saying that he was very little known in France because he had always been in the field, where he won his distinctions step by step, and fighting as a soldier. He was called "The Man of Metz," and was made responsible for all that had taken place, although the capitulation had been advocated by the council of defense. Besides, he did not take the command on August 19, because the Emperor—who, although he was very ill, was the master and arbiter of the situation—was present. Referring to the charge brought against him of having mixed up politics with his duty as a soldier, the Marshal denied this. His misfortune after the war was to have been on good terms with M. Rouher, and to have called on M. Thiers instead of going to pay his respects to M. Gambetta at the Hotel des Reservoirs in Versailles, where the tribune was being made a good deal of by certain Generals. Moreover, the task of pleading the Marshal's cause with Gambetta was afterward delegated to a M. de Valfort, who, instead of doing so, drew up a hostile report against him, which decided the tribune to act. It was not true that he had done any thing in a political way, except to remain firm in his allegiance to the Emperor.

"The worst of it was that after Sedan the army was split up into Bonapartists, Orleanists, Legitimists and Republicans. For my part, I asked Prince Frederic Charles of Prussia what importance was to be attached to the Government of national defense? I only knew that it was composed of four or five barristers. The Prince replied that the Government of national defense was not even recognized by all the powers."

Asked whether he had not erred by thus corresponding with the enemy, the Marshal averred that he had perhaps overstepped his limits by doing so. His object was to assemble the Chambers at Rheims and to get them to appoint a Government which should arrange the treaty of peace. He was of opinion that peace should have been signed after Forbach. Again returning ing to the subject of Metz, the Marshal brought forward strong charges against his colleague, Marshal MacMahon.

"MacMahon it is who should have been most blamed. Why did he give battle without a chance of success? His defeat produced a deplorable impression at Metz. Instead of ordering out the Third and Fifth army corps he opposed to the Germans the First or African corps, which is no good out of Algiers. He should at least have gone into an entrenched position at Strasburg, and after that all that was left to him was to fall back on Verdun. Had he gone toward Verdun I might have attacked the rear of the Germans with one hundred thousand men."

The Marshal repeated that it was impossible to get out of Metz with safety. The place might have been held a little longer had the garrison eaten rats, but the prolongation of the situation would have been useless. As to his sentence of twenty years' imprisonment, the Marshal seemed to lay the blame of it on Marshal MacMahon, for he thinks M. Thiers would have pardoned him altogether. Finally the broken soldier feebly complained that he was penniless, and that he might at least have been allowed his pension to keep him from starvation. His wife, a Spaniard, had gone to Mexico to look after some house property given to him by the Emperor Maximilian in halcyon days, and his rights to which were contested.—*Paris Cor. London Telegram.*

SOME NOTED WOMEN.

The Difficulties and Disadvantages Under Which They Began Life.

Clara Morris' mother, writes Celia Logan, was a cook in a restaurant in Cleveland when Clara was a lanky girl of fifteen years of age. Manager John Ellsler advertised for some extra girls for the ballet in a pantomime he was getting up. Clara applied for a place in the extra ballet. She wore an old, faded calico dress, much too short, a thin shawl and a ragged woolen scarf wrapped around her head. When the extra girls were no longer required Clara was retained for small parts. That was the beginning of the career of the great emotional actress, Clara Morris, who, by the way, is of English, not American birth.

Pretty Maud Granger, with the gold-brown eyes and shapely form, first earned her livelihood by running a sewing-machine. Sarah Bernhardt was a dressmaker's apprentice; so was Matilda Heron. Adelaide Neilson began life as a child's nurse, and Lady Hamilton as a housemaid. Miss Braddon, the well-known novelist, was a utility actress in the English provinces, performing principally in pantomime.

Christine Nilsson was a poor Swedish peasant, and ran barefoot in childhood. Jenny Lind, also a Swede, was the daughter of a principal of a young ladies' boarding school, and beyond rather narrow circumstances had no especial difficulties in order to gain celebrity.

The mother of Clara Louise Kellogg strained every nerve to give Clara a musical education, and at one time was a professional spiritual medium. Miss Kellogg failed three times. Each time she retired, not discouraged, but to devote herself to the still further development of her voice. Finally she took the public by storm. Her first failures were her last.

Mrs. Langtry is the daughter of a country parson of small means, but the old proverb of her face being her fortune proved true in her case. Nevertheless, the standing Mrs. Langtry has acquired upon the boards entitles her to rank among the self-made women of the day.

Minnie Hauk's father was a German and a shoemaker, in the most straitened circumstances. Her voice early attracted the attention of one of New York's richest men, who had it cultivated, and thus opened the way to fame for her.

We have had two great female astronomers, Miss Herschel and Miss Mitchell. Both were single women and both took up the study of astronomy in order to assist their brothers. Miss Herschel's pathway to fame was over a smooth road, but Miss Maria Mitchell had everything to battle with. She was the daughter of a small farmer in Nantucket, who was obliged to eke out his income by teaching school at $2 a week. Maria was constantly occupied with household duties, and she describes her childhood as "being an endless washing of dishes."—*Chicago Tribune.*

MAKING A SALE.

How a Dakota Agriculturist Soothed His Wounded Feelings.

A man was driving across the country in Dakota when he came to a house with a man hobbling around the yard on a crutch. A fine-looking horse was tied to a post near by, and the traveler stopped and said:

"Is that horse for sale?"

"Well, now, I tell you jest how 'tis 'bout that air hoss; you see it's the one my wife drives and I don't know as she'd want ter part with it. It's a very gentle hoss, very gentle."

"That's what I want, a horse that is gentle and kind."

"That jest hits that hoss precisely, pardner, no easier hoss to handle in the country."

"Never kicks, I suppose?"

"Never knew him ter histe his foot 'cept ter walk."

"What is it worth?"

"That's jest it—don't b'lieve I can sell him—my wife would miss him so. Tell you what I'll do, though; you give me one hundred and seventy-five dollars fer that hoss and I'll try and break in one of the colts fer her to drive. Don't b'lieve I can ever get 'em as gentle as he is but seein' you want him I'll let you have him fer that."

"Well, I'll take it. What makes you so lame?"

"Oh, rheumatiz got holt uv me ag'in—jest 'bout used me up. I'll tie the hoss behind yer wagon fer you."

"All right. Your barn seems to be scattered around somewhat, cyclone strike it?"

"Well, now I should say there did—reg'lar twister uv a tornado jest spread it all 'round. There you'll find that hoss'll lead up all right and be jest as gentle's a kitten. Good day, stranger, yer've got a mighty fine barg'in there, that hoss is sound and wouldn't hurt a fly."

The man drove off and a boy crawled out from under the house and said:

"Dad, it's a mighty good thing old Bill stopped kickin' 'fore he come 'long."

"You bet it wus, my son. He had jest sent the last board of the barn flyin' over in the garden and the dust wus settlin' when the feller drove up. I guess he busted two uv my ribs and put my leg sorter out uv j'int the first kick he made, but I reckon one hundred and seventy-five will fix 'em up. I wus afraid he'd back up and begin on the barb wire fence while the man wus here, but he didn't happen to. 'Bout the time he planted his off foot in my ribs I'd o' took ninety cents fer him, but I s'pose it's jest as well ter get a fair price. Always remember, my son, in future life ef yer sellin' yer wife's favorite buggy hoss jest own right up to it and put on a good price ter sooth yer wounded feelin's at seein' it go. Never forget that the straight truth is the best in a time like this."—*Estelline Bell.*

QUEER CREATURES.

Why Sponges Were at Last Relegated to a Place Among the Animals.

The choicest sponges are obtained from the Mediterranean sea. Many of a less fine grade are exported from Florida, the West Indies and the Bahama Islands. All sponges are marine except one, the Spongilla. This is to be found in streams and lakes attached to sticks, stones, etc. It has been known to find its way into water-pipes, and to accumulate in sufficient quantities to make necessary its removal. Soft, brittle sponges of no commercial value are to be found nearly everywhere along the seashore attached to rocks, shells, etc. Sponges assume quite a variety of shapes in their growth. Some are branched, giving them a very decided plant-like appearance. Others are cup-shaped, and are sometimes called basket sponges. Very many take on no definite form or are amorphous. So far as I know, no explanation has ever been given of the different forms they assume in their growth.

As sponges were for a long time considered plants, it is interesting to consider why they were at last relegated to a place among the animals. The characters which identify them with animals are chiefly two: The nature of their food and the composition of their body-substance. Animals live upon organic matter: that is, upon other animals or upon plants. Plants, on the contrary, live upon inorganic matter, such as water, carbonic acid gas and ammonia. Tried by this test, sponges are animals. So, too, as to the nature of their body-substance; it does not contain any of the compounds characteristic of plants, as starch and cellulose; but its chemical composition agrees with that of many other animals. And so, notwithstanding the fact that some sponges are very plant-like in shape, and that all, in having no power of locomotion, but in being rooted to one place, are like the great majority of plants and unlike the great majority of animals, they are yet true animals. After all, these resemblances to plants are only superficial. There are many species of lower plants which have the power of locomotion, and there are quite a number of animals besides the sponge which are fixed.—*N. Y. Independent.*

Artists' Models in Paris.

A curious bit of statistical lore has come to light. It seems that in Paris there is an official list kept of artists' models and that their number for the present year amounts to 671. All nationalities are represented in this document, but in proportions that seem at first sight surprising. The Italians head the list. Of the whole 671 they constitute about a third. Paris herself only supplies one-half what Italy supplies. Of French models in the Paris studios there are but 120. The Germans number strong at 80; and then there are 60 Swiss, 50 Spanish girls, the same number of Belgians, 45 English, 30 Americans, 4 Austrians, 2 Portuguese and 1 Irish girl. The statistics supply not only nationality but age. Of the 671 130 have passed their majority. All the rest are young girls from 16 to 20. Of course, they do not gain their livelihood exclusively by their sittings. Most of them are ballet girls—or, to adopt their own definition, dramatic artists.—*St. Louis Republican.*

—Governess—Now, Jack, if I were to give twelve pears to Maudie, ten to Edith and three to you, what would it be? Jack (aged six)—It wouldn't be fair.

CITY LIFE.

Why It Proves Fatal to Individuality and the Sweeter Emotions.

The tremendous growth of cities is one of the most striking phases of modern civilization. London already boasts a population of nearly 4,000,000 and the great English metropolis still grows with the rapidity which characterizes our Western towns. Paris continues to absorb a vast proportion of the wealth and energies of France. New York will soon be to America what London is to England. On both sides of the Atlantic numerous cities of the second rank constitute arenas in which the great battle of life is fought with pitiless rivalry and savage intensity. The proper and adequate government of great cities presents one of the gravest problems of the time; for, behind all the splendor of the metropolis, there stalks the specter of the mob, whose fury is ever estimated by the contrast between boundless luxury and hopeless squalor.

Of course, this phase of human life is almost as old as the race itself, but innumerable circumstances have conspired to intensify the strain of city life in our money-getting age. The means of intercommunication are so perfect that the denizen of the modern metropolis seems to throb with all the activities of the great world beyond. The necessities of the moment seem more imperious than they ever seemed before. Little leisure is left for thought, action has almost come to be the cause, rather than the consequence of thought. In the modern city, as in ancient Rome, "plain living and high thinking" have a bitter struggle for a place. The tendency is toward the profitless luxury and vulgar ostenation which follow in the train of superabundant wealth. In cities more frequently than in the comparative calm of county life is presented the perplexing problem which Thackeray has crystallized in the phrase, "How to live on nothing a year," and the desire to solve this problem lies at the bottom of the frantic speculation which attracts eager thousands to the world's great commercial exchanges.

The importance of the city to the development of civilization is not to be denied. It is in the great centers of population that the triumphs of human genius are most readily recognized and most munificently rewarded. In cities money will command luxuries which the country can not give us at any price. Polish of manner, taste in dress, cosmopolitan tolerance of opinion, quickness and penetration of thought are the logical consequences of the daily rivalry of great bodies of men. Yet, after all that can be said in favor of cities, it remains undeniably true that the essential truth and beauty of life are to be found beyond the limits of unyielding brick and mortar. A vast proportion of the world's poetry has been written in cities, but the true poet's heart is always in the green fields and by the gentle streams which he has known in other days. The country air seems to possess a finer essence that fills the heart with nobler impulses than are to be felt by him who treads the pavement in his round of ceaseless toil. The most splendid pile can rouse in the soul no such sense of beauty as that which stirs us when we see the mountains standing out against the matchless background of the sky, and the weary toiler will seek in vain, within the city's confines, for the perfect rest which comes to him who hears the murmer of the winds as they stir the fragrant pines. City life is luxurious and splendid, but it is almost invariably fatal to individuality and to the sweeter emotions which give to existence the only enduring charm.—*N. O. Times-Democrat.*

SMUGGLED LETTERS.

Means Used by White Men Held by Savages to Get News to Their Friends.

Three scientific men, Emin Bey, Dr. Junker and Signor Casati, have for two years been virtually prisoners in the depths of Africa. Hemmed in on one side by the followers of the Mahdi they retreated southward until they were stopped by hostile blacks not far from the sources of the Nile. There they now are in the Unyoro country, waiting for the succor which two parties sent out under Drs. Fischer and Leng are trying, amid great difficulties, to carry to them. Though cut off from all hope of escaping by their own exertions, they have been able to send a letter to their friends. The fact has been frequently illustrated within the past year or two that the castaway in savage lands can often make his sad plight known to the friends whom it is utterly impossible for him to reach except by letter.

The messenger who bore the missive of these unfortunates to Victoria Nyanza was probably just like those who until recently were wont to travel over the same road from the Egyptian outposts to the great lake—an almost naked savage carrying his letter in a split stick which he bore high above his head when walking through the tall wet grass. Postmen like this have done a great deal of letter carrying through African jungles, and they have proved to be faithful and expeditious.

The missionaries at the north end of Victoria Nyanza for some months past have virtually been prisoners in Rubaga, and until recently none of them were permitted to set their feet outside the town. Yet in the dark days when no white man could possibly reach them, and they hardly dared to hope that their lives would be spared from hour to hour, they managed several times to communicate with their friends in England. Hidden in the garments of Arab traders, their letters safely reached the coast, and were read in England about three months after they were written. In the same way a number of the white captives of the Mahdi have contrived to send tidings from their prison huts in Khartoum to friends in Europe.

Six hundred years ago the man who wished to send a message north from the south end of Cochin China placed it in the hands of a courier, who was relieved when about twelve to sixteen miles on his way by a second courier, and thus the letter was transferred from post to post, the couriers traveling at a sharp trot, carrying the letter as far in one day as the ordinary traveler could journey in three. Exactly the same method is still employed to carry the mails over this route. Along the royal road that skirts the sea from Saigon through Anam to Hue the couriers still hurry at an extraordinary pace with their mail snugly stowed away in bampoo tubes.

The method of carrying the mail in savage lands is here and there improving. It is now possible, for instance, a thousand miles up the Congo river, to affix to a letter a postage stamp bearing the portrait of the King of the Belgians and the words "Free Congo State," put it into a civilized mail bag, and send it on its journey to the sea. This is a decided improvement on the black native with his split stick.—*N. Y. Sun.*

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

SLEEPY.

I sat one evening watching
A little golden head
That was nodding o'er a picture-book
And pretty soon I said:
"Come, darling, you are sleepy;
Don't you want to go to bed?"
"No," she said, "I isn't s'eepy,
But I can't hold up my head.

"Just now it feels so heavy,
There isn't any use;
Do let me lay it down to rest
On dear Old Mother Goose!
I shan't shut up my eyes at all,
And so you needn't fear;
I'll keep 'em open all the while
To see this picture here."

And, then, as I said nothing,
She settled for a nap;
One curl was resting on the frill
Of the old lady's cap;
Her arm embraced the children small
Inhabiting the shoe.
"O dear," thought I, "what shall I say?
For this will never do."

I sat awhile in silence
Till the clock struck a "ding ding,"
And then I went around and kissed
The cunning little thing.
The violets unfolded
As I kissed her, and she said:
"I isn't s'eepy, sister;
But I guess I'll go to bed."
—*Evangelist.*

A FORTUNATE FOURTH.

Aunt Melinda's Target Shooting and What Came of It.

"Old Scratch is at it ag'in," said Aunt Melinda, looking toward the garden, where the family hen was industriously scratching, as usual. "It's a good thing we han't no vegitables growin', fur old Scratch would have 'em up in less'n no time. This 'ere soil don't grow nothin' but gold and silver. Howsomever, I wouldn't mind havin' a good crop o' that," and with a sigh Aunt Melinda set down her iron and took a hot one off the stove.

"Waal, no," answered Uncle Jonathan, taking his pipe from his mouth; "a good crop o' gold and silver would be powerful convenient to hev, an' here in Colorado no more'n we ought to expect."

"You'd want it ter come up coins," said Aunt Melinda, with a withering glance. "You wouldn't take a pick and dig if you knew sartin sure you'd strike it rich. Why don't you go up the mountain prospectin'?"

"Melindy," said Uncle Johathan, solemnly, "you forgit my wooden leg."

"Fiddlesticks!" replied Aunt Melinda, "I don't want you to take off your leg an' dig with it. You're well enough to walk to town for tobacco every time you can git the money out o' me to buy it. Here I stand washin' an' ironin' to earn money to keep us alive, and mebbe up there on the mountain yonder is a gold mine jest waitin' fur the first man that has grit enough to dig down fur it. Hain't you ashamed of yourself Jonathan Schrim!"

"I'll start out airly in the mornin'," answered Uncle Jonathan, meekly.

"Kin I go with you?" asked Jim, eagerly.

Jim was perched up on a barrel, with a long gingham apron tied around his neck. He was peeling potatoes for dinner, and swinging his feet to and fro.

"You can go if your aunt can spare you," answered Uncle Jonathan. "I reckon I won't go fur."

"I reckon you won't," remarked Aunt Melinda, significantly.

"I'd rather dig gold than peel potatoes," began Jim, discontentedly. "Peelin' potatoes is girls' work."

"Well, you're all the girl I've got, so I have to make use o' you," replied Aunt Melinda. "I can't do every thing," with a glance at poor Uncle Jonathan.

"When I've done the potatoes, kin I go out and play?" questioned Jim.

"Yes," said his aunt, "when you've peeled the potatoes and pared the apples and brought in some wood and set the table for dinner."

"Jiminy crickets!" thought Jim, "'tain't no fun to play bein' a girl."

Old Scratch was already at work and throwing the dirt in every direction when Jim came out in the garden the next morning at seven o'clock. Her owner put his hands in his pockets and watched her admiringly.

"She's the best hen in the hull camp," he was thinking, when bang! bang! went something right at his feet.

"Hullo, Jim!" called out a boy on the other side of the fence. "What are you jumpin' fur? Didn't you know 'twas the Fourth of July?"

"So it is!" said Jim. "I clean forgot. Gim' me some o' your crackers."

"Jim Schrim," called Aunt Melinda, "come right in here and wash these dishes."

And Jim went reluctantly into the house.

"It's the Fourth o' July," he exclaimed, as he entered the door.

Uncle Jonathan nearly dropped his pipe in surprise.

"I declare to goodness!" he began, "if here I wasn't startin' out to work on a national holiday. I'd forgot all about its bein' the Fourth. The people in this 'ere country don't care nuthin' fur Sundays an' holidays."

"Kin I hev some crackers?" begged Jim, who had tied on his gingham apron and was industriously using a dish-towel.

"Ask your aunt," suggested Uncle Jonathan. "She used ter be noted fur bein' so patriotic."

"I hain't got no money to spend on them kind o' crackers," said Aunt Melinda, grimly.

"Never mind," whispered Uncle Jonathan to Jim, with a wink. "I'll let you fire off my pistol."

So, when Jim had finished the dishes and swept up the kitchen, he followed his uncle out in the garden and they nailed a board on a tree for a mark. It was fortunate they had plenty of cartridges, for their aim were very good shots, and the balls went flying many yards from the target.

Finally, Aunt Melinda came to the door of the cabin and condescended to make remarks on their skill.

"I could do better than that myself, Jonathan Schrim," she declared.

"Come on then!" said Uncle Jonathan.

So Aunt Melinda took the pistol firmly in her right hand and pointed it straight at the target.

"Don't kill old Scratch!" chuckled her husband.

But even as he laughed, there came the click of the pistol, and Jim's precious hen fell dead on the ground.

"What hev I done?" cried Aunt Melinda. "Why didn't you tell me she was in the way?"

"She wasn't nowhere near you," insisted Uncle Jonathan; "and I thought you was goin' to shoot at the mark."

Poor Jim was crying as though his heart was quite broken.

"Never mind," said his aunt, patting his head. "I'll buy you another hen, and we'll eat old Scratch for dinner. Firin' pistols is always dangerous."

Uncle Jonathan picked up old Scratch and carried her off to prepare her for cooking. He was gone a long while.

When he came back Aunt Melinda had returned to her ironing, and Jim was sitting disconsolately on the door-step.

"Look here what I found," he said slowly.

There were some shining particles in his hand.

"Why, it looks like gold," said Aunt Melinda. "Where did you git it?"

"In old Scratch's craw," said Uncle Jonathan. "I'm goin' to take it to the assayer's. Whatever it is, it come out of our garden."

The assayer discovered that what Uncle Jonathan brought him was six dollars' worth of pure gold, and in a few weeks the garden was leased to men who began sinking a shaft.

By the next Fourth of July Aunt Melinda, as the wife of a wealthy man, had grown better-tempered, and Jim went to school and was as independent and manly as though he had never worn a gingham apron.

"I tell you, Melindy," Uncle Jonathan used to say, "I wasn't such a fool as you thought when I set 'round and smoked my little black pipe an' let old Scratch do my prospectin' fur me."—*Golden Days.*

ADOPTED CHILDREN.

The True Story of a Mother, Cat and Three Little Squirrels.

Mrs. Williams stood on the porch of her farm-house home in Indiana one day, looking for her two boys, who had been out hunting. In a corner of the porch was a big basket, in which lay an old cat, with three kittens about a week old. Presently the two boys came up. Will had his hat in his hand, carrying something, which proved to be three very young squirrels. They had killed the mother, and, finding the young ones in the nest, had brought them home, and meant to raise them for pets.

"I'll put 'em down here, and get a box for 'em," said Will, taking the little things from his cap, and placing them on the floor of the porch. At that moment, Tab jumped out of her basket, and marched up to them.

"Oh, the cat! She'll eat 'em up!" cried Mrs. Williams, and was stopping to rescue the squirrels, when Will stopped her. "Let's see what she'll do."

What puss did do was to walk up, go around the squirrels, smell them a little, and then lick and caress them, purring softly over them. She stayed a moment, then turned and walked away, when, hearing one of the squirrels cry, she turned back, watched them a little, then deliberately picked one of them up, and carried it to her basket. Laying it down with her kittens, she came back and carried the other two in the same way. When they were all in the nest, she cuddled herself down with them, licking and smoothing their fur as if they were her own babies.

The boys were delighted, but Mrs. Williams was greatly alarmed, and wanted them to take the little creatures out, declaring that they would be eaten by morning. The boys, however, left the squirrels and kittens together, and the next morning they were as contented as if they had always been there.

And there they stayed, and the good old Tab brought them up with her own family. They soon got large enough to run up the trees in the yard, where they would play and frisk about, and return, when tired, to their cat-mother. At last one of them ran off to the woods, and a day or two later the other ones followed. The boys tried to catch the ungrateful little beasts, but did not succeed.

Puss whined and mewed after them for a few days, and refused to be comforted, but finding they did not return, devoted herself to the rest of her family, and seemed to conclude to mourn no longer for her foster-children.

This incident actually occurred, just as given, near the little village of Harmony, during the year just passed.—*Mattie Dyer Britts, in Youth's Companion.*

What Became of the Cream.

The Filbert children were going to Farmer Wheat's for some cream. It was a mile to the farm. Harry was to take his new wheelbarrow, to wheel the jar. They were to have ice-cream in the afternoon. At the thought of this treat both Harry and little Helen clapped their hands with joy.

"Walk carefully," said Mamma Filbert, "for the jar will be full. If you are tired you may rest in the shade. Come back as soon as you can."

The children set out in high glee. Harry frolicked along the road, while Helen picked wild flowers by the roadside. The earthen jar was filled with cream. Mrs. Wheat tied the cover on, and packed the jar nicely in the little wheelbarrow with some wisps of hay.

"Now it will not slide about," she said.

The children set out upon their return. But the sun now began to grow warm.

"Let us go through the woods," said Harry.

"Do you know the way?" asked Helen.

"I think I do. It isn't far!"

It was pleasant in the shade, though the path was rough. The squirrels frisked overhead, and the children began to feel like frisking themselves. Besides, what can you expect when a boy has a fine red wheelbarrow, with yellow horses painted on the sides. The horses were standing on their hind legs, just as if they were trying to jump up to the squirrels.

Harry forgot what his mother told him. He began to frisk, and then to gallop, while the wheelbarrow bounced over the stones in the path. The children raced till they were out of breath. The path was longer than they thought. Mamma Filbert had been looking for them fifteen minutes when they reached home.

"Why, how warm you are!" she cried, as she took out the jar. As she opened it she laughed and shook her head.

"You will have to go without ice-cream to-day," she said.

The children began to wonder. Their mother took a spoon, and, after a few stirs with it, showed them a fine jar of butter.

"Your wheelbarrow is a good churn, Harry," said she; "but when you go after cream you must mind your mother, and walk carefully."

So Harry's disobedience cost the children their ice-cream that day.—*Our Little Ones.*

—No printing office in Vienna employing over thirty printers is allowed to do work on Sunday.